THE

Court Convert:

OR, A

Sincere Sorrow for SIN, Faithfully

TRAVERS'D:

Expreſſing the Dignity of a

True Penitent.

Drawn in Little, by ONE, whoſe Manifold Misfortunes Abroad; have render'd him Neceſſitated, to ſeek for Shelter Here; by Dedicating himſelf, and the ſaid ſmall POEM, to the DIVINE

ASTREA.

By *H. A.* Gent.

K Cudlip (H)

Printed in the Year, 1698.

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By H. A. Gent.

Printed in [illegible]

TO HER

Royal Highneſs,

THE

PRINCESS

OF

DENMARK.

MADAM,

THE *Author of this Little Piece, being perſwaded (upon due Conſideration of Things) to Tranſfer his* Affections *from this* Tranſitory *World, to that* Above; *believing, a* Pious Ambition, *may ſooner meet with a* Fortune *there, than in this Life; where* Merrit *only is diſtinguiſh'd by the* Applauſe *of the* People, *and* True Worth *alto-*

gether unknown; but where Good Fortune *goes before, and* Dissipates *those* Clouds *which render us Uneasie: But when, by* True Devotion *Heaven hath clear'd our Sight, and given us a large Prospect of those, are truly Great* Below, *something of Heaven is then Discover'd upon Earth, and in the great* **Plantaginets**, *a* Virtue *so* Perspicuous, *as may sufficiently invite the strictest* Anchorite *to quit his lonely Cell, and seek for* True Perfection *in such great Example. But with the Populace it is not so, since* Justice, *Eagle like, doth mostly Build upon the highest Ground; and does not only over-look all Irregular things, but is it self most near unto the Throne of Glory. So* MADAM, *in Your soft Breast, where Honour keeps it's Court, the* Graces *all in* Council *Sit, to Elevate Your Princely Mind, above all the Common Level, to a full Distribution of those Illustrate Presidents, which are wanting Beneath YOU. 'Tis this Assurance* MADAM, *which Imboldens Your Poor Unfortunate Vassal to Creep once more into the Light, to Lay himself, and this small Off-spring of his Brain, at Your Highnesses Feet: Which, if Your* Royal Highness, *Vouchsafe to Accept, as the Great* Darius *did, a Cup of Cold Water from a Distressed* Persian; *The Favour may not only Reconcile him to his former* Fortune, *but Raise his*

his Devotion *to ſuch a Pitch of* Gratitude, *as never to leave off Praying, till Heaven (if poſſible) hath emptied it ſelf of all its Bleſſings, and Incirc'd Your* Royal SOUL *with ſuch Innumerable Benedictions, as may abundantly Intitle Your High Merit to this Acknowledgement from all. We have a* Royal Branch *yet left of the Illuſtrious* STUARTS, *Secur'd from all the Frowns of* Fate, *and Blaſts of* Fortune, *and is (as few on this ſide Heaven have been before)* a Princeſs *Truly Happy; which* MADAM, *that it may be always ſo with YOU, and Your* Royal Poſterity, *ſhall be the Subject Matter of his daily Oriſons, who is with all due Obedience,*

Your ROYAL HIGHNESSES

moſt Dutiful Servant to

Command,

Henry Audley.

To the

HONOURABLE

THE LADY POULTNEY

MADAM

THIS *Little* Poem *having Luckily fal'n into the Hands of the* Princeſs, *and Obtained* [*from Her Highneſs*] *a Reception, altogether above the Authors Expectation; I am bold* (*as a Perſon next fitted for its Protection*) *to Affix Your* HONOURS *Name to the Frontiſpiece of the ſame; believing, my Penitent cannot, at laſt, but ſafely arrive* (*thro' all the Mazes and Windings of this Miſerable Life*) *to his deſired* Haven; *when in this his Pilgrimage upon* Earth, *he is Accompany'd by ſuch excellent Perſonages: But if the Converſation of the One, ſhould chance to prove too*

too Penſive; he hopes the Greatneſs and Goodneſs of the other, will ſufficiently make due Compenſation for the ſame. If therefore it proves that the ſaid ſmall Treatiſe *is Calculated to Your kind* Acceptance, *the Author may have the Vanity to hope,* Good Fortune *hath not altogether forſaken him, ſince by ſo great an Expreſſion of Your Goodneſs, he hath this Opportunity (which is indeed the height of his* Ambiton) *to declare himſelf,*

Your Honours moſt

Dutiful and moſt

Obedient Servant to

Command,

Henry Audley.

THE Court Convert.

DEluding *World*, which hath ſo long amus'd,
And with *Falſe Shapes* my dreaming *Soul* (abus'd:

Tyrannick *Court*, where ſimple *Mortals* buy,
With *Life* and *Fortune*, ſplendid *Slavery*.
Hence-forth *Adieu*, my goodly ſtock of years,
Laid out for That, I now lament with tears.
Monarchs, who with amazing ſplendor glare,
And *Favourites*, who their Reflections are;
Both ſhine, 'tis true, but 'tis like *Glaſs* they do;
Brittle as that, and made of *Aſhes* too:

The Hour is ſet, wherein *they* muſt diſown
The *Royal Pomp*, the *Treaſure*, and the *Throne*:
The dazling Luſtre of *Majeſtick* State,
Shall be extinguiſh'd by the *hand* of *fate*;
Highneſs muſt ſtoop into the hallow *grave*,
And keep *ſad Court* in a cold dampiſh *cave*.
Beauty and jovial *youth* decays apace;
Age ſtill, and *ſickneſs*, oft doth both deface.
The *Favorite*, whom all adore and fear,
Whoſe ſtrength doth ſo unſhakable appear,
Is but a *Tower*, built on flitting Sands,
No longer than the *tempeſt* ſleepeth, ſtands:
Nor can the *calm* of *fortune* long inſure;
Or *Monarchs* favour, *crazie* Man ſecure:
We moulder of our ſelves, and ſoon or late,
We muſt *reſign* beloved Life to Fate.

From

From ſtately Pallaces we muſt remove,
The narrow Lodging of a *Grave* to prove:
Leave the fair *Train*, and the light-guilded *Room*,
To lye alone benighted in the *Tomb*.
GOD only is immortal: *Man* not ſo;
Life to be paid, upon demand, we owe.
The ridged *Laws* of *Fate*, with none diſpence,
From the leaſt Beggar, to the greateſt Prince.
The crooked *Sythe*, that no *diſtinction* knows,
Monarchs, and *Slaves*, indifferently Mows.
One day wee'd pitty thoſe we now admire,
When after all the Glory they acquire;
And all the famous Conqueſts they have made,
Fierce *Death* their *Lawrels* in the *Duſt* hath laid.
Thoſe heads and hands, which States and Princes ſteer,
Who *Rule* in *Peace*, and *Conquer* in the *War*,

Shall, by a ſad, and certain change of *State*,
Be Doom'd a *Prize* to Death, and Riged Fate:
Then be no more; their very *Name* will dye
To *Fame*, unleſs preſerv'd by *Hiſtory*.
'Tis that KING alone, whom *Heaven* truly ſerves,
Who our whole *hearts*, whole *care*, whole *love* deſerves;
To HIM all's due, there's nought at our command,
But muſt be paid at the *Divine* demand:
To HIM the *Chriſtian* ought to make his Court,
His *Love* the only Matter of Import:
Not, but that *Honour* muſt to *Kings* be paid,
Being by *Heav'n*, Heav'n's *Vicegerents* made:
To *ſuch* we Dedicate our Hearts and Hands,
With due Submiſſion to their *Juſt* Commands;
And their *Unjuſt*, tho' we cannot do,
We muſt the Mulct, with patience, undergo:

'Tis

'Tis *Sacriledge* (in any caſe) to pry
Into the *God-like* power of Majeſty,
And meer *Typheon* inſolence to ſtrive,
Law to a *King*, with Lawleſs Armes to give;
But all good *Subjects* ſhould adore the *Hand*,
By which Kings, and the Crown they wear, do ſtand;
And while the Earths great *Maſter* we revere,
Pay *Homage* alſo to the *Thunderer*;
To GOD, who *Kings* obey; whoſe Bounty gave
Their *Scepters*, *Crowns*, and all the *Goods* they have:
To GOD, whoſe *Sun* Beams guildeth Royal ſtate,
And Glory gives to each great *Monarch's* fate;
With whoſe unknown, but to HIM, eaſie Skill,
Manages *Powers*, and *Princes* as HE will.

Now for to get in *favour* with this *Prince*,
There needs no more, but ſimple Innocence:

No

No Honour at his Court is bought with Gold;
But for cheap *Love* are all *Preferments* ſold:
And in proportion to the *Love* you bring,
You ſhall have *Power* from the KING of Kings:
With a good ſtock of *Love* there one may climb,
To a *great Fortune*, in a little time.
Nor is it hard methinks to *Love* a GOD,
Who is Himſelf, ſo *Loving*, and ſo *Good*.
In other Courts a Man doth loſe himſelf,
Oft for a little, and long drudg'd-for Pelf;
In buſineſs bearing an uncertain ſtate,
Made void (ſometimes) by Envy, or by Hate,
Rendring *Poſſeſſion* of too ſhort a date.
For as a *Dropſie* makes the Body grow,
(At the ſame time, that it brings *Nature* low)
O're-whelm'd with water, or choak'd up with Wind,
So *Wealth* (at once) ſwells up, and ſtarves the Mind:

But

But GOD, the *Souls* capacity doth fill;
His bounty over-flows Man's boundleſs will:
And ſince the Earth cannot our Nature bleſs,
And the great World's too little for the Leſs,
His boundleſs *Self* He gives us, is ſo good
(As *Romans* hold) the *Sacrimental* Food,
To Regale us, with's *Body* and His *Blood.*
With heavenly *Manna* Angels taſteful Meat,
The ſame He gave His loving *Twelve* to eat;
Himſelf the *Treator*, and himſelf the *Treat.*
Come all that *Hunger* to this *Royal Feaſt*;
Come ev'ry one, and wear the *Nuptial Veſt:*
Let the King's ſplendor daſh, or dazel, none;
Or being Mean, diſcourage any one.
Your *Hoſt* is known to be as *Meek*, as *Great*;
And will alike, the King, and Beggar *Treat.*

Spare

Spare not his Board, you cannot make him poor;
The more He gives, the greater is his *Store*:
His *Bounty*, like his *treaſure*'s, unconfin'd,
By giving, ſtill to Give the more inclin'd.
Come then, and crowd into my *Maſters* Court,
And to the ſource of goodneſs all reſort.
Love HIM, whoſe *Goodneſs* words cannot expreſs;
And whoſe All-flowing *Bounty* is not leſs:
Lift up your Reaſon then, and have a care,
No fooliſh worldly *Baubles* enter there:
With ſuch Precaution you'l acquire his Grace,
And Purchaſe, in his Glorious Court, a Place,
Where you will bleſs the Day you firſt awoke,
The happy Minute in which your ſlumber broke:
Crouds of all Bleſſings will your *Heart* invade,
And your freſh blooming Joys will never Fade.

No

No more the Storms of *Princes* you will fear,
That cauſe ſo many *Wrecks*, and *Wretches* here,
Where (in a moment) all the *Cargo*'s loſt,
Which your whole *ſtock* of precious *Time* has coſt:
One day [with GOD] affords you more Content,
Than Twenty Lives, in *Courts* of *Princes* ſpent.
An angry word, a ſlight, a gloomy frown,
Will be enough to caſt a *Courtier* down;
If he would *beg* a *favour* of his *King*,
Let his *Requeſt* be ne'r ſo *mean* a *thing*,
A *hundred* Journeys he muſt undertake;
His *Suit*, to this and that *Courtier*, make:
Thouſands of *Leggs*, and *Cringes* it will coſt;
And after all, perhaps, his *Labour* loſt.
But with GOD's *Votaries* it is not ſo;
We cannot Ask ſo faſt, as He'll Beſtow;

His EAR is ſtill, to hear our *Suits*, inclin'd,
And to each *Suitor* daily proveth kind.
HE often hears, before we are aware,
And our leaſt wants by HIM conſidered are;
The ſmalleſt Hair, can't fall beſides HIS care.
On HIM we cannot our *good thoughts* diſplace,
Unleſs we madly throw away HIS *Grace*;
Only to HIM our *Hearts* ſhould yield the ſway,
And not, by *Falſe* Obedience, Heav'n betray:
For *firſt* GOD doth, what He wou'd have us do,
Love, with a *Love*, beyond example *True*:
His *Charming Law*, is LOVE, His *Yoke* is ſweet,
Both for the *King*, and pooreſt Beggar, meet:
Eaſie and Light, alike to Great and Small,
And the ſame Hire propoſed to them all.
Of *Monarchs*, he to HIM is great alone,
Who to himſelf becomes a *Little One*.

The only *Greatneſs* which poor man can have,
Is to be here his *Great Redeemers* ſlave:
That King, that doth not Heav'ns Juſt KING obey,
A Traytor is himſelf to *Majeſty*.
The ſimple *Shepheard*, who with Chaſte deſire,
And cheerful *Innocence* to *Heav'n* aſpires:
The honeſt painful *Labourer*, who ſweats
From Morn to Night, to get the Bread he eats:
If he ſerves Heav'n, is indeed more great
Than *Kings*, withall their Pride and Purple State.
Thrice brave thoſe *Monarchs*, who have dar'd to fly,
From all the Alluring *Charms* of Majeſty;
Lay down the Sword, their Conqu'ring Troops forſake,
Unarm'd alone, the *Heav'n* of Heav'ns t'attack.
A *Holy War* with *Hoaſts* of Pleaſures wage,
And tho' the *Fleſh* did for the Foe Ingage,
Triumph'd o're *Forreign* and *Domeſtick* rage.

Thrice *Bleſt* are thoſe, who *Fled* from being Great,
From *Courts*, to ſafer *Cottages* retreat:
Heav'n kindly doth their worldly thoughts defeat;
For *Greatneſs*, while they ſtrive to ſhun, they meet.
They are made great, and more glorious, *Kings*,
By being *Juſt*, than by all earthly things.
Ah! how we *Win*, in *Loſing* for our GOD,
While we gain *Heav'n*, for a poor ſorry clod
Of *Earth*: When for a *ſhort Grief* here endur'd,
We are of *Everlaſting Joyes* aſſur'd:
For one poor pleaſure, we refuſe our Sence,
We ſhall have *Millions* for our recompence.
Poor abus'd Men, unlucky *Flock*, that ſtray
Without the *Shepheard*, void of the Right way.
Unthinking *Souls*, that periſh with delight,
Which all the *Threats* of Heav'n cannot affright;

For

For ſure thoſe *Pains*, which doth on *Sin* attend,
Pain which begins, but never muſt have end:
The Immaterial *Fire* that burneth ſtill;
But to their great misfortune cannot kill:
The *Devils*, *Dungeons*, all ſorts of *Pain*,
Which *Humane* fortitude cannot ſuſtain,
Might (one would think) Mens brutiſh courage ſhake,
And in our *Souls* a Noble fear awake:
But if the *Racks* of *Hell*, can't *Sin* ſubdue,
Suffer the *Lord* of *Hoaſts* to *Conquer* you;
Oppoſe *Him* not unwiſely, but imbrace
The favourable Offers of *His* Grace:
Reſtore *Him* to the kingdom of your *Hearts*,
Loſt by your *Falſeneſs*, and the *Devils* Arts:
The old *Uſurper's* lawleſs power diſown;
Depoſe the helliſh *Tyrant* from the *Throne*;
And let *King* JSEUS raign in it alone. His

His Law is much more eaſie to obſerve,
Than thoſe o'th' World (which yet we gladly ſerve)
It neither hurts the *Body*, nor the *Mind*;
But is indeed to one, and t'other kind:
A Check ſometimes it may afford to *Senſe*;
But is, at length, its own benevolence.
O, *Divine Law!* O, eaſie *Law* of *Love!*
Let ME obſerve thee, and thy Wages prove:
But then i'th' world, a hundred Laws there be,
Void of all *ſenſe*, but full of *Tyranny*;
Where *Foppiſh* form, our Liberty reſtrains,
And Cripples us with falſe fantaſtick Chains.
You muſt pretend to Love whom you deteſt;
Faun on the *Great One*, when by him oppreſt;
With ſneering praiſe, guild o're his blackeſt Crimes,
And all thoſe *Humours* which debauch the Times:

Mask

Mask your *Diſpleaſure* with a ſmilling *Face*,
And ſwear you'r highly pleas'd with your diſgrace;
Triumph in ſhew, when you are over-thrown,
And all your Diſcontents, and Griefs diſown;
Cutting off quite (with baſe uneaſie art)
The honeſt Commerce, of the *Mouth* and *Heart*.
O, ſhameful *Slavery* of poor Mankind;
Unworthy of a Man, or Chriſtian mind;
Inſtead of CHRIST, whom always we ſhould own,
Falſe Tyranny and *Paſſion* we enthrone;
Cringing to thoſe that from all *Virtue* run,
To ſerve a *Thouſand* Maſters in their turn.
The crowded way of Vice could never ſhow
Such Pleaſure, which true Virtue doth beſtow:
From *Innocence*, a Native Joy accrews;
But wracking Sorrow, alwayes Guilt purſues.

The *Ill Man*'s never *Quiet*, nor *Content*;
The *Good* is full of *Chear*, though *Penitent:*
His inward *Calm* upon his Brow appears,
And *Halcion* like, no bluſt'ring *Storms* he fears.
Him, all the *Turns* of *Fate*'s prepar'd to find,
Meets *Frowns*, and *Favours*, with an equal mind.
If *Sickneſs* warnes him of approaching *Death*;
Or *Fortune* Robs him of his worldly Wealth,
It cannot his unſhaken *Courage* move;
Who, above Earth, hath plac'd in Heaven his Love
His Health, his Riches, and his ſole Delight,
Is here to ſerve his GOD withal his might;
And that Great Maſter faithfully to trace,
Whoſe Death was *Triumph*, pleaſure a diſgrace:
He lov'd the *Croſs*; O *Croſs*! O happy *Wood*!
That once was Manur'd with our *Saviour*'s Blood;

And

And *Moiſten'd* with his *Tears*, with *Tears* of *Grief*,
Whilſt *He* that *Shed* them, *Dy'd* for our *Relief*;
Whoſe all-Revenging *Death* [by th' *Croſs*] did quell,
The Uſurped force of *Sin*, and *Power* of Hell;
The *Stigians* Monſter's *Power*, and ſet free
Renowned *Heroes* from *Captivity*:
'Twas by this *Croſs*, that *He* to *Heav'n* did climb,
And Order'd all Mankind to follow HIM.
O *Croſs!* O CHRIST! O *Wounds*! O ſtreams of *Blood*!
O KING! to Your ungrateful *Slaves*, too *Good*!
My *Hearts* delight, my lingering *Souls* deſire,
My *Love*, that burns me with a *jambent* Fire;
My JESUS! Bleſſed *Body*, and his *Blood*,
Brought down from *Heav'n*, to be *Man's* Food!
Your LOVE, I find, to ſuch Exceſs amounts,
My *Gratitude* is *Loſt* in the account.

When *Puniſhment* was to my *Actions* due,
Amazing *Favours* my *Miſdeeds* enſue,
Inſtead of being, by Your *Juſtice*, Thruſt,
With ſudden *Thunder*, into Native Duſt.
While with my works, I earn'd the *Fire* of Hell,
And *Satan* Triump'd o're my wretched will;
When I provok'd Your *Juſtice* with the height
Of baſe Ingratitude, and Earths delight,
You did ev'n then, o'depth of Goodneſs deign,
My Heart of all Innated *Vice* to drain;
Which firſt, in being Yours, was truly bleſt,
Till I (vile Wretch) my MASTER diſpoſſeſt:
YOU were its *Lord*, its *Monarch*; and what more?
Vouchſafe't to *Eſpouſe* a Thing ſo *mean* and *poor*;
The ſame hath coſt Your precious *Blood* and *Breath*;
Your *Purple Sweat*, and *Tortures*, worſe than Death:

So

So Dear it coſt YOU; yet I bore away;
The *Purchaſe*, You have (once more) made Your Prey.
Dear *Lord*, I wander'd in the *Paths* of *Vice*,
And Grop'd, on Blindfold to the *Precipice*:
Inſtead of Loving YOU, the only Good,
I made each *Empty Vanity*, my God:
But O exceſs of *Mercy*; YOU repay,
With *Grace*, and *Gifts*, Your *Slaves* black Treachery,
Whom the falſe *World*, and falſer *Court* deceiv'd;
Whom *Sin*, and *Satan*, wretchedly enſlav'd.
What diſmal blindneſs did poſſeſs my mind,
For ſilly ſhort-liv'd *Toys*, to have reſign'd
A *Bleſt Eternity*; and YOU, dear *Lord*,
Who can a real Heav'nly *Good* afford!
Eyes, on my Cheeks, let trickling Tears run down,
Your *Guilty ſelves*, in your own Waters drown.

Falſe Guides, that led me to the *Hunters* ſnare;
When, by my ſelf, left wholly to your care:
Poor and Ambitious, fond deluded ſight,
Thus on the ſorry *Creature* to delight;
Your fellow *Slave*, a bit of *Earth*, a *Dream*,
E'en a poor wretched *Nothing* to eſteem:
For what avails, a *Mitre*, or a *Crown*,
Or all that here a *Man*, can call his own.
Thoſe whom our fauning *Flatterers*, call Great;
Whom *Baſer Man-kind* proſtrate at their feet,
In the Divine, Eternal *Glaſs* appear,
As Little, as the meaneſt *Mortal* here.
When the Eye, in darkneſs ſets, and Life's fire,
With the *Ice* of *Death*, in ſorrow doth expire;
What matters Gold, by ſome Men ſo ador'd?
What Pleaſure will a ſtarry *Crown* afford?

This

This Garb ill fits, a Pale and Lifeleſs *Head*,
And that bright *Mettle* ſhines not to the Dead;
Corruption then will not forbear its prey,
For fear of *dead* and *helpleſs Majeſty*;
Nor will that *Luſtre* which Amaz'd poor *Man*,
Dazle the *Legions* of bold *Virmin* then:
Alas! There's no diſtinction in the Grave,
Between the greateſt *King*, and meaneſt *Slave*:
All *Fleſh* is there unto one *Change* deſtin'd,
And leaves all worldly *Goods* and *Fame* behind.
But different *Fates*, the Righteous *Souls* attend,
From thoſe that here doth make a wicked End.
Thoſe of the *Good*, to Heav'ns Great *King* repair,
The *Unknown* Pleaſures of His *Court* to ſhare,
In *Peace*, and Glorious *Triumph* to Enjoy,
The *Fruit* of their laborious *Victory*.
But thoſe, who lodg'd in body's did defy,
With unrepented *Crimes* the *Deity*.

Con-

Condemn'd to *Chains*, and hopeleſs of Relief,
Dead to all *Bliſs*: But ever *Live* to *Greif*.
It is a dolefull *Scene*, to ſee baſe Man,
Provoke his Patient MAKER, all he can;
Shun happineſs, ſo eaſie to be won,
And take a World of Pains to be undon:
Even employ his whole Life long, to buy,
A wretched Right, to endleſs Miſery.
Thus he, who Studies to Indulge his Earth,
And quite neglects the meaning of his Birth;
Into the gapeing Jaws of *Satan* runs,
And the inviting Arms of JESUS ſhuns:
Thoſe *Arms*, that ſtand ſtill open to Receive,
All weary Prodigals, that Sin doth leave;
Arms full of *Love*, and pitty which diſplay,
Even to Foes, and Traitors *Sanctuary*:
For thoſe, he left his *Fathers* bright Abode,
Made *Son* of Man, to make Man *Son* of GOD.

To *Cure* their *Wounds*, He Lifes *Elixir* Bled,
And *Dy'd* a *Death*, to *Raiſe* them from the Dead.
Dear JESUS, who with ſuch a Charming Art,
Hath ſoftn'd, and reduc'd my Rebel Heart;
Hath likewiſe on the Day the Church Renews,
The Annuall Obſequies, of her Dead *Spouſe*;
From worldly Vice, her *Votary* ſet free,
And from the *Court*, and *World* Deliver'd me:
But from my ſelf, thus freed, didſt after claim,
To bind me with your *Loves* enlarging Chain:
For ſuch your Favours, ſhew me, but the way,
Good Lord, my due acknowledgments muſt pay.
YOU had the Goodneſs, for my ſake to *Dye*,
Which I for YOU, will do moſt willingly:
And ſince my *Life*, cannot ſuffice to pay,
For the leaſt *Breath*, of that You gave away.
I wiſh the Lives of all the World were mine,
That all, for *Your* dear Sake, I might reſign. But

But a Rent Heart, ſince *You* will not deſpiſe,
And a brus'd *Reed*, to *You* is *Sacrifice*;
My *Prayers*, I humbly Offer: And *Adore*
The GOD, that doth accept a *Gift* ſo poor.
I Love You Lord, as Bed-rid Men love Health,
Cloſe Priſoners Freedom, or Starv'd Beggars Wealth.
My Soul thirſts after Thee, pure Spring of Good,
As the Chaſte Deer, after a Cooling Flood.
Nor do I love You, for Your HEAVEN; no,
To Hell I'm ready for Your Sake to go.
The ſharpeſt *Pain* that's there, will *Eaſie* be;
And *Hell* to YOU, will be a HEAVEN to me.

FINIS.